

THE PLAY

'On Your Toes,' Being a Musical Show With a Book and Tunes and a Sense of Humor.

ON YOUR TOES, a musical comedy in two acts and thirteen scenes. Book by Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart and George Abbott. Music by Mr. Rodgers and lyrics by Mr. Hart. Staged by Worthington Miner; settings by Jo Mielziner; choreography by George Balanchine; costumes designed by Irene Sharaff; produced by Dwight Deere Wiman. At the Imperial Theatre.

Phil Dolan 2d.....	Dave Jones
Lil Dolan.....	Ethel Hampton
Phil Dolan 3d.....	Tyrone Kearney
Call Boy.....	Beau Tilden
Lola.....	Betty Jane Smith
Phil Dolan 3d.....	Ray Bolger
Frankie Frayne.....	Doris Carson
Sidney Cohn.....	David Morris
Vera Barnova.....	Tamara Geva
Anushka.....	May Noble
Peggy Porterfield.....	Luella Gear
Sergei Alexandrovitch.....	Monty Woolley
Konstantine Morrosine.....	Demetrios Villan
Snoopy.....	William Wadsworth
Mishka.....	Valery Streshnev
Vassilli.....	Robert Sidney
Dimitri.....	Basil Galaboff
Leon.....	Harold Haskin
Call Boy.....	Bob Long
A Singer.....	Earl MacVeigh
A Waiter.....	William Baker
Stage Manager.....	Harry Peterson
A Policeman.....	George Young
First Thug.....	Nick Dennis
Second Thug.....	Louis Walsh

By BROOKS ATKINSON

Being under the impression that Spring is one of four seasons when laughing is pleasant, some of the town humorists have staged a comic musical show, "On Your Toes," which was put on at the Imperial Saturday evening. They are humorists with a gift for neat satire and cunning ribaldry—book-makers, tune vendors and mountebanks alike, for the most remarkable thing about "On Your Toes" is the uniformity of its viewpoint. If the word "sophisticated" is not too unpalatable, let it serve as a description of the mocking book which Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart and George Abbott have scribbled, of the songs which Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hart have drawn up together and of the performances by Ray Bolger, Tamara Geva, Luella Gear, Monty Woolley and Doris Carson. It has all been managed with the tongue in the cheek and raised eyebrows.

In the first place, there is a born hooper who is teaching polite music in Knockbocker University—or Ray Bolger, to be exact. In the second place, there is a Russian ballet and an incontinent ballerina—or Tamara Geva, Barbate Woolley, et al. Bring them together in a dry burlesque of the Scheherazade ballet, and again in a melodramatic ballet entitled "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," and there you have the main funny business of "On Your Toes." With its inquisition into the loose habits of ballet life backstage and in hotel chambers it is mordant, and also spiked with audacities to which this column ought to object, but doesn't. In the end something is done about restoring Ray Bolger to the romantic affections of Doris Carson, who, it seems, had been loving him all the time.

The lines are capital. The allusions are literate. For complete enjoyment of "On Your Toes" it is recommended that you brush up on your Beethoven and Rimsky-Korsakoff who are mentioned not only in the book but the score. The litterateurs and maestri at the Imperial assume that New York is entirely populated by students of art, which is next door to being the truth. At any rate, Mr. Rodgers has written a jaunty score that entitles him to honors at the general final examinations, and Mr. Hart has put words to it that are crisp, impish and gayly ingenious.

No matter how brilliant the authors may be, the immediate enjoyment of a musical show comes from the performers. "On Your Toes" is attractively populated. Mr. Bolger is a hooper whose bucolic personality is so winning that for several years everyone has been hoping to have him at the head of a show. He is in great form just now—singing satisfactorily, clowning with good grace and hoofing like a house afire. Barndance Bolger leads the parade. And Tamara Geva, who plays the wicked ballerina, is so magnificent as the mistress of the dance that she can burlesque it with the authority of an artist on a holiday.

None of the distaff cynics is half such good company as Luella Gear, who is never really hard-boiled. As the tempermental and egotistical impresario, Monty Woolley's impudent bravado is immensely funny and it speaks well for the sound-

ness of his training as a teacher of the drama at Yale. Doris Carson is a buoyant ingenue and David Morris is an engaging chap to play a boyish composer. Scenery by Jo Mielziner, costumes by Irene Sharaff, choreography by George Balanchine, staging by Worthington Miner—all O. K., high class and sublime. On tip-toe with talent, in fact, and a good deal sunnier than this April weather.